

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, General in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor.

N. Y. TRUE, Editor.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.
CHAPTER XLIX.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

The church in which the Society had worshipped since its erection, having become much dilapidated and a desire being felt to secure a location in the village, the last sermon was preached in the house Feb. 27, 1848, by the Pastor, Rev. Charles Frost.

It will no doubt interest our readers as exhibiting a specimen of the simple and clear style of the author as well as the historical incidents related by him.

1st SAMUEL—7. 12.
HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.
Human life is filled up with a great variety of incidents, some of which, from their intrinsic importance, or from their relations to other events cannot fail to awaken our attention and bring a high claim to serious consideration and regard. The same is true in regard to the history of communities and States. Like a landscape its history will be adorned with events and parts of an almost indefinitely varied and diversified character.

Yet there will be some which stand out prominently to the view, and demand more than ordinary attention. And in all ages and among all nations, barbarous as well as civilized, pagan and christian, a custom has prevailed of commemorating the more important events of history, by monumental inscriptions. This custom is found in the most remote ages, and is found in the most remote nations.

As a devout recognition of God's hand, in the dispensation of his providence, it is adapted to awaken emotions of gratitude to him,—to cherish a sense of dependence and thus to give a new impulse to the motions and exercises of piety. In this dark and distant world in which christians live so much by sight and sense, they need often to be reminded of the Lord's goodness, and of their vows and obligations to him. And in seasons of despondency and gloom, on which faith is weak and wavering, it is good to recur to the dealings of God; and to resolve, with the Psalmist, that we will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.

The pious Samuel no doubt, cherished an habitual acknowledgment of God; and offered to him the gratitude of his heart for daily mercies; but in view of the deliverance which the Lord wrought for him and his people, from the land of the Philistines, he felt that something beyond the ordinary expressions of gratitude were due to the great deliverer. Young Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying: *Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*

These words have an appropriate meaning which applies to us at any period of life. But there are times when, from some special interest, they seem peculiarly adapted to give utterance to the emotions of a devout and humble heart.

A period has occurred in our history, as a religious community, when it seems proper for us to pause and survey the past, and which duty to God and our generation requires us to erect our monument of gratitude to his goodness saying, *Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Original Tale.

A TRIP TO THE LAKES.

[CONCLUDED.]

We travelled on, 'twas almost light
The soil with wet feet treading
And nothing shorter would set us right
But a good warm supper and bedding.

No sudden embarks sheltered our breast
For we had enough else to carry,
And we heeded not each other's request
That each for the other would tarry.

The camp is reached at last and here
We found a company of nine, with a
ruaring fire to warm us. These by
some would be demonstrated "rough,"
but with their generous, kind hearts,
they help make us comfortable, which
made amends for finding the cabin
tenants.

Few and short were the prayers we said
As the fire crackled in our hearth,
We longed for our mothers' hand to be
With a cup of coffee and flapjack.

As we entered our bed of hemlock boughs
Without either pillow or mattress,
We thought our condition would move the
world now.

Without the help of an atlas
Lightly we'll talk for others have gone,
And they now are sleeping out loud
They'll be but a week if we for them sleep
on.

And that will lessen the crowd.
But talk of our difficult task was done
Even the task of sleeping.

When we put up our heads and caught hold
of one
That travels along by leaping.
Sawing and gnawing we laid it down,
Hard pushed by the hand of despair,
We took our own way with a sleep meaning
traveller.

A temporary habitation of ours
was made of rough boards, bark, &c.,
and was some ten feet high with an
aperture in the roof about 4 feet
square which went by the name of
chimney. Over the fire was a crane
on which pots and kettles would be
hung (if there was any deserving
enough) but then it was no place to
hang a coffee-pot and that you know
constituted our cooking apparatus;
but then our friends loaned us a tea-
kettle, so that we succeeded very
well. It is Thursday morning and
there is a slight snow on the ground
reminding one of a morning in March.
The sun soon dissipates the clouds and
we are off for the lower lake, where we
are good place to fish but the catching is
another thing. Our young set had
succeeded in catching a few chub which
we fried a part of for supper. We
turned in at eight o'clock, but the cold
prevented us from sleeping, so we rose
early, it being the morning that we were
to start for the lower lake, where we
left our boat which is to bear us back
to the stage-road, homeward.

There is one consolation attending
our march back through the woods;
we have not so much to carry as when
we came, and some of this is doomed
to banishment for two reasons, viz:
The bucket containing our pork is not
so well *hooped* as some folks, and consequently
would not hold its contents;
another reason was, we had a heavy
load without it. So we out with the
"dead pig" and laid it gently in the
path, hoping some balloonist might be
cast away in those regions and avail
himself of it. I do not think "bad-
dock" and pork would quarrel under
the circumstances. As we performed
this melancholy duty a new version of
an old song came to mind. You will
pardon the step from the sublime to
the ridiculous.

Coffee we're tested
Within may here,
But the coffee that's wasted
Will never return.

Breakfast in a cave
But where shall we dine,
Break in the cave but
Wasted the wine.

Nothing of note occurred till we
reached the boat all as safe as
when we left it, and by its side another
with the provisions of a party de-
posited upon the bank; remember
they were not deposited in the bank.
Hoping they will suit poor *PIE*,
we pushed off and are gliding down
the current; but it is evident care
must be taken, for it is rocky and
these little rapids are quite strong;
we pass them safely and are once more
upon the broad lakes.

It is a glorious morning and we
have seen the two extremes, the lake
so boisterous on our ascent is now to
be compared only to a mirror. As
we glide along its surface we gaze
in wonder upon the forest with its
variegated dress on the one hand and that
continuous range of hills upon the
picture which nature alone can paint.
In a line with our boats low it seemed
as though a link had been taken
from the chain of mountains and
through this door at a distance of 40
miles stood Mt. Washington glistening
with snow.

As we gazed that day so methinks
many are gazing at some desired ob-
ject to obtain which would be the end
of all endeavors. The love of fame
lights up its fires and the grateful
elevations through which they gaze
are the banners bestowed by a nation's
love; each higher than the other step-
ping stone to ambitious summit. But
as we ascend that mountain and chilly
grazes the air, so vain, foolish men
finds his whitened sepulchre a recep-
acle a half-starved trout-bitten soul,
and win on at the eleventh hour says,
—it is warmer in the vale of humility.
The towering mountains, 'tis distance
clothes you with enchantment. Cold
philosophy may speculate upon thy
greatness and call thee a part of the
very God, but I will make thee and
lesser hills, but alars in the temple,
nature, while on them I will burn the
incense of a grateful heart and in ad-
oration, will I praise thee, my Creator,
my God.

Reader my narrative is soon end-
ed, not for want of material, but time
and space forbid. 'Tis Friday night,
we reached the stage-road and next
morning were on our way to Bethel
railroad station. Kind friends pre-
vailed upon us to remain in West
Bethel over Sunday. I would like to
tell you of many favors shown us by
those new made friends. But I must
leave you as I left them with the fol-
lowing lines:

Crossing life's eventful ocean,
Mortals lead us 'mid its motion,
Where the sun shines through our
tears.

Ones of shading trees
Mid the deserts monotone,
Typifying climes more fair,
Where we'll know as we are known.

Pilgrims are we wandering ever,
Giving to each other cheer,
You kind friends, forgetting never,
In our memory shall appear;
And when years have gathered o'er us,
Telling of some thing sweet,
Then we hope to and your footsteps,
As we now your favors count.

E. T. DANFORTH.
Rozbury, Mass.

"I say Sambo, did you ever get in-
toxicated?"
"No, Joline, nebbber. Was you?"
"Well I was Sambo."
"Did it make you feel good, Joline?"
"Yeh. But, O jolly! next morning
I thought my head was a wood-
shed, and all the niggers in the world
were splitting wood in it."

A stranger, meeting a man in the
streets of Boston a few days since,
roughly accosted him with—
"Here, I say, I want to go to the
Tremont House."
The stranger, looking at him, said:
"Well you may go, if you don't be
gone long."

WOLFGANG; OR, THE WRECKERS BEACON.

CHAPTER I.
BEFORE THE GALE.

The good ship *PAVINGTON*, of New
York, and bound to Copenhagen, had
entered the North Sea, having left the
Straits of Dover two days behind.
The commander of the ship was a
young man, not over eight-and-twenty,
and his name was MAURICE LESTER.
He stood by the taffrail, gazing off
upon the horizon to the eastward,
ever and anon raising his hand above
his head to feel if there was any wind
stirring, and as often casting his eyes
aloft to see how the canvass hung—
As he stood thus his mate approach-
ed, and spoke to him:

"What d'ye think of this, Capt'n?"
"I think we're in for a storm, sir,"
the master replied. "And I tell you
what it is, Griffin," he added, after
sweeping the horizon again with his
eye, "when it comes it will be an earn-
est one. None of your broad Ocean
puffs, with nothing but water to hatch
wind from; but we'll have it right
fresh from some of those places where
they know how to make things blow."
"Then you think we'll have a hard
one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with
almost a shudder, "I feel it in my
bones."
In the meantime, Captain Lester
had been watching the sea and sky as
before, and he fancied that the signs
of the storm were growing more and
more palpable every moment. The
sun was going down in a thick bank,
giving to the whole western horizon
a dull, purplish red, bloody hue, with
here and there spots of a darker tinge,
like openings, through the fiery cloud,
looking upon a fearful blackness be-
hind.

"Do you see how strangely it looks
off there?" said the captain, raising his
finger towards the point where the
sun was setting.
"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have
been watching those dark places."
And others noticed the same thing,
and spoke of it, too.

Seven o'clock came and went—
Eight o'clock came, and the first watch
was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain,
as the men of the last dog watch left
their stations. "This calm can't last
a great while. You had better batter
down the hatches now, while there is
nothing else to do; for I am sure
there will be need of having them
close before the coming of another
day."

The men had had no thought of go-
ing below, for they could see and feel,
and they were not wholly ignorant of
what was coming; so they went at
work and secured the hatches with
thick tarpaulins; and when this was
done those who had no particular sta-
tion collected about the wheel. An-
other hour passed away—and another.
Ten o'clock came, and still not a
breath. The ship lay upon the water
like a dead thing, with the ropes, and
blocks, and sails, rattling and flapping
as she was swung to and fro by the
lazy swells of the sea.

"What does it mean?" cried Grif-
fin, as the boy struck five bells.
"Hark!" said the captain almost
instantly. "I guess you'll soon see.
Did you feel that?—Ha!—and that."
It was a puff of wind, and a light
flying of spray or, perhaps it was a
spit of rain. At all events, the puff
was felt; and the drops of water fell
upon other cheeks than Maurice Les-
ter's; and other ears than his heard
the dull moaning which came over the
dark waters. So other ears heard the
roar which followed, and other bodies
quivered beneath the shock of the
storm giant when he came in his
might.

Aye—the storm had come. It
came with wind and rain, and with an
angry howling at its ears. It came
with a darkness like *ER*, and with
the voice of thunder. The gale con-
tinued to increase in fury as the
long night passed away. When
the morning came the scene was one
of awful grandeur. The wind was
howling with terrific fury, and the
sea was lashed into huge mount-
ains, that foamed, and tumbled, and
leaped, and dashed their white foam
against the hulls of the ships. The
wreckers beacon, and all the ships
straggled within the danger group.

When Captain Lester had observed
the signs of the morning, he feared
that the storm would continue through
the day, and so he told his men. The
sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was
now driving down, mingling with the
lashing sea. At noon it was still
worse.

At length night shut in again, and
not a sign yet of the passing away
of the storm! The frightful howling of
the temp at seemed rather to have in-
creased than abated. The men gath-
ered upon the quarter-deck, clinging
for support to the rails and masts—for
the life-lines awayed so much that
they were afraid of them—gathered
as near to the light of the immen-
se lamp as they could, as though even
from such feeble beams they might
find some comfort. But not all were
there. No—not all! Four stout,
true-hearted men had been swept away
by the storm. Now a score were left,
but how many shall see the light of
another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester
went below. He took down a chair
of the North Sea, and having spread
it upon the table, he sat down to ex-
amine it. He was thus engaged when
Mr. Griffin came down; but he did
not look up until he had finished the
calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he
saw his commander lay down the di-
viders.

"I have been making a reckoning,
and I find that we have but little more
sea room left. The course we have
made since we were, has been, as near
as I can calculate, north-west-by-west,
so that we must have been driving
towards the coast of Northumberland.
I think we have plenty of room to
stand on much longer. If the gale
does not abate by that time I know
not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his
chair, and would probably have walk-
ed across the cabin, but at that mo-
ment a heavy sea caught the ship, and
gave her a pitch forward, which caus-
ed him to catch his seat as quickly as
possible. As soon as the flood had
gone from the deck, and the vessel
had struggled up from the shock, he
looked into his companions face, and
said, in a voice made tremulous by
deeper emotion than he had before
manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my
mind more than you know; and I am
anxious to communicate it, too. I
must tell it now for I have a strange
foreboding of coming ill. Something
is to happen, that will bear great en-
mity to some of us. I am not crosk-
ing—I am only reading what the Un-
seen has written in my soul. How-
ever you, you shall hear my story—
You have heard that my parents were
both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you know that they
were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy
then. They were on their way to Co-
penhagen, as we should be now. My
father commanded the ship—she was
called the *Olava Jane*. She was
named for my mother; and she was
a staunch, noble craft. I was at
school then, in Troy; and when I
knew that my parents were dead I
was well nigh dead with grief. I in-
quired then, in my first hours of argu-
ment, that my heart would break; and
I think each would have been the case
if they had kept me at school. But
some of those who cared for me came
to see me, and I was finally arranged
that I should go to sea. And I pro-
spered—prospered so well that, when
I was twenty years old, they gave me
command of a ship."

"The man who owned the ship
which I first commanded was named
Thornton. He had a daughter named
Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest
and loveliest creatures that ever graced
this poor life of earth. She was
four years younger than myself; but
even when I first knew her—and she
was not then more than fourteen—she
was a woman in intellect and grace,
though a child in simplicity of lan-
guage and confidence. Mr. Thornton did
not object to my suit, as I loved her
with all my soul, and was blessed to
know that she loved me in return. It
had been arranged that we should be
married when she was twenty years
old—she had been now sixteen years
than two years. Mr. Thornton being
set the bound himself. It lacked two
months of the day, and I had arrang-
ed to remain at home until we were
B [Continued on the fourth page]

